

The Evening World.
ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANSON SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is authorized to use the name of this publication in all news dispatches sent to it or not otherwise specified in this paper and also the local news published herein.
VOLUME 58.....NO. 20,631

THE RAGGED EDGES.

IN WHAT has happened in Russia since the bottom got on top, not to speak of ghastly reports from Finland which describe the deliberate killing off of the educated classes by the Reds, pessimists find new evidence to convince them that the war is only the worst of the evils that have overtaken the white race.

One of the gloomiest outlooks yet noted, however, is that of the Japan Weekly Chronicle, an English periodical published in Kobe, which sees only the life blood of Europe and America being drained off and the wealth of the Western World depleted, while the Eastern nations expand their trade, swell their populations and become the creditors—maybe the dictators of the future. About all the comfort the Chronicle can find is the reflection that

To many who hold sincerely that it is requisite to make the world safe for democracy, it were better that the white race should disappear than that the incubus of Prussian militarism should rest forever on civilization.

The Chronicle should move up nearer to the field of action, where things are more cheerful.

The "incubus of Prussian militarism" is going to be cast off. And there will remain a determined, more than ever before self-understanding and united civilization to celebrate the event and buckle down to recover the cost.

As for the Bolsheviks, the Finland Reds or any like them that may emerge—what are they but ragged edges that will later be trimmed off?

The sudden death of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, until recently British Ambassador to the United States, is another reminder of the heavy burdens the war has laid upon statesmen and diplomats. As Great Britain's representative in this country at the outbreak of the conflict in Europe, Sir Cecil found himself loaded with extra work which only increased when this Nation joined the Allies. It is not at the front only that the strength of men has been tested to the breaking point.

LET THE SOUTH GROW MORE FOOD.

THE farmer in the South faces a patriotic duty. He ought to recognize that duty as, at the same time, one strongly to his economic interest to perform.

The Government asks him to grow food. By growing more food he combats the worst enemy of his cotton crops—the boll-weevil.

How serious have been the ravages of the boll-weevil in the cotton States is set forth in a recent article in the Atlanta Constitution by W. W. Croxton, General Passenger Agent of the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railway, who has prepared a map of the infested sections of Alabama and Georgia to emphasize his facts and figures:

By a careful study of the map it is seen that the annual advance of the boll-weevil eastward since its entrance into Alabama has been steady and uniform. The figures indicate a comparatively small damage the first year, and that usually there is a fairly good crop the second year, but after the weevils once get well established the yield steadily decreases and the crops amount to less than 25 per cent. of normal.

As an illustration, take Dallas County, Alabama: The first appearance was in the year 1912, when the yield in bales amounted to 40,000; the next two years there was an increased production, while during the year 1915 the yield was only 17,900—less than one-half the normal crop, and in 1916 the yield was only 8,298, or just about 20 per cent. of the normal crop.

Diversification of crops, Mr. Croxton reminds the Southern farmer, has proved one of the most effective means of fighting the boll-weevil.

More than this, the increasing demand for beef and hog products at unprecedented prices, the ready market for hay, peas, peanuts and velvet beans and the certainty that food crops of all kinds will be at a premium for a long time to come, ought to encourage these farmers to reduce their cotton acreage in favor of cattle, grain and vegetables.

"Plant some cotton and more food and feed," is this year, more than ever, sound advice to the farmer of the South. He can serve his country and himself by heeding it.

Unless Germany can collect huge war indemnities, we are told, she must seize private fortunes. Apropos, how many dozen "visiting castles" in Germany still stand in the name of W. Hohenzollern?

Letters From the People

Please limit communications to 150 words.

Complaint of Navy Medical Aid.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
I have closely followed the letters complaining about poor medical treatment of our soldiers. Having served an enlistment in the navy I wish to tell my experience. At sick call a man tells what he thinks is his trouble to a doctor who is on the same footing so far as experience goes as an intern in a hospital. He guesses what the trouble is and prescribes—always pills. Unless a man falls unconscious he will have to stay sick until the following day when sick call is repeated. The head doctor never shows up unless there is a severe case to treat. Discipline is so strict that a man dare not tell the doctor that the medicine is doing him no good. So the soldiers are not any worse off than the sailors.

A MAN WHO KNOWS.

This Soldier Has Plenty of Blankets To the Editor of the Evening World:
Just a line in regard to a letter by a girl about soldiers and their treatment when they are sick or cold. She asks why a certain soldier who had the grip did not write home and get some quinine. The reason is that if a fellow really needed it he would not have to send home for it. As for

The Kaiser's Valentine to Himself

By J. H. Cassel.



Are You Up to Date?

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
A N old man sat beside me in the subway. I have known him many years. He was on his way—to school—this old man, a grandfather. He had his book with him and he was studying his lesson on the way. He is trying to learn French so that he can go "over there." He is a mechanic, an expert in his line, but had given up active work until we went to war.

"I just can't stay at home," he said. "I know they need hundreds of men in my line, and I am going to try to get over to help. Besides, I can keep up with the best of the young ones." He added with a knowing twinkle in his eye, as he noted my surprise. "Little did I think I would be studying French at my age," he said musingly. "But you might as well be up to date. And to be up to date these days you must be going some." He continued in the vernacular.

"Never in the history of the world has there been such constant daily changes as there are to-day. It seems as if the whole world is undergoing a change. Every minute, almost, some old method is pulled out by the roots and a new one put in its place, almost without any warning. Even our everyday living is moving along different lines."

"To be up to date these days is not merely to dress well and to know the newest song hit or play, but actually to live. And, mark you," he concluded with a knowing nod, "the people who are standing still and do not know what is going on about them are missing a whole lot, and will find themselves 'back numbers.'"

"When the world is on the march the fellow who fails to keep step finds himself alone in the rear."

What true words of wisdom. As Socrates said, "Nothing is permanent but change." And yet I know some people, living within an hour's ride of New York City, who until a few days ago did not know that the United States had declared war. They have never felt the thrill of seeing an airplane soaring through the air like a bird.

They have never experienced the enthusiasm of hearing the tramp of thousands of soldiers on the march. In fact, they know little or nothing excepting what is within their own immediate precincts. They rarely

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
THERE are occasional storms that, when over, give healthful ozone to the atmosphere of home. But once in a while there is a domestic tornado that rages until it appears there is nothing left in its track but ruin and chaos.

In other words, one little thing leading to another, the Jarr family was in the throes of storm, earthquake and desolation. Mr. Jarr had rushed from the house declaring all was over. He would get a divorce—or go to Reno and get a divorce—this was the end!

Mrs. Jarr, sitting in retrospection over all the slight, wrongs and injuries she had endured all her married days, and balancing these with memories of all she had condoned and forgiven, was in a mental attitude of relief that at last matters were at a climax—she would never, never live with THAT man again! As for the children and herself, well, they could get along somehow, for one thing was certain, she would spurn with scorn the money of the man who could so cruelly forget his vows to love and cherish, and who could be unkind to such a wife and such a home and such children!

The children, vaguely aware that something was wrong, had been sent to their room, where they played in subdued manner with their toys. Amid the wreck of her domestic happiness Mrs. Jarr suddenly remembered that Mr. Jarr had had the last word. That he had departed in haste, imagining that he had left a broken and longing heart behind him.

Ha! She would show him how SHE cared. She called up the office by telephone. Mr. Jarr, the boy said, had been in, but had gone out again, saying, he would return. Did Mrs. Jarr want to speak to him when he came in?

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But I want to leave a message for him. Will you write it down?"

"Tell him," continued Mrs. Jarr, "that Mrs. Jarr wanted to know where she should send his things, and also tell Mr. Jarr that she was more than satisfied with the arrangement he had suggested."

Shortly afterward she reflected that "the arrangement he had suggested" was a rather weak reply, and it looked as if she was being dictated to. She called up the office again. Had Mr. Jarr been in? The boy said he had not. "Fear up that note then," said Mrs.

Every Woman's Valentine

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

To HIM "Over There."



OVER the waves of the starlit sea,
Over the miles of blue,
On the wings of the wind—from the heart
of me,
I am blowing a kiss to you!

Out on the storm-swept wilderness,
Or down in the trench where you lie,
If you feel a breeze like a light caress
On your cheek, Love—it is I!

Under the frowning Flanders skies,
Or pacing the decks of gray,
Wherever you are, my heart replies
To the lift in your heart, to-day.

For this is St. Valentine's Day, my Own,
And I smile to you over the space,
And whisper to you, as I sit alone—
With my thoughts—and your pictured face.

Wherever you go, in No Man's Land,
Remember that I go, too,
Spirit with spirit and hand in hand,
Right "over the top" with YOU!

The kiss that I gave you once was light
As the kiss of a fairy wraith,
But the kiss that I'm sending you to-night
Is the kiss of a woman's faith!

For with every wind that sweeps the sea,
And with every kiss that I send,
There goes a prayer from the soul of me,
And faith in you 'til the end!

And, when you come sailing home again,
You shall bring ME a valentine,
Not roses, nor rings, nor a silver chain,
To gladden this heart of mine—

But a VICTOR's smile—and the tender light
In your eyes, that I used to know,
And a battered gun, and a helmet bright
From the head of a captured foe!

Oh, out on the storm-swept wilderness,
Or down in the trench, where you lie,
If you feel a breeze like a light caress,
To-night, Love—it is I!

Go, little kiss, and make him strong,
To help set the sad world free,
And, when he has righted the black wrong,
Oh, send MY BOY to me!

Camp Comedies

By Alma Woodward

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

SHAKESPEARE IN YAPHANK

SCENE: Camp Upton.

TIME: Night.

(Wild excitement prevails in the barracks. There is much application of

talcum powder to lately scraped faces, polishing of boots and brushing of coats.)

A (strolling in, smothering a prodigious yawn)—What's doing? B (over his shoulder)—Haven't you heard? A (peevishly)—Heard? Heard what? If there's one expression that gets my goat more'n "I told you so," it's "Haven't you heard?" I haven't heard a thing except revellings an' "Hei! hei!" since I got down here in November!

B (briefly)—Going to be an entertainment. A (disappointed)—Wot I care! Wot I care! Somebody'll sing "Over There" an' "Keep the Home Fires Burning," an' wave the flag—most likely they'll pick me out to wave the flag an' I've been wig-waggin' all day an' my arms are dead from the wrist up, an'—

B (addressing the leading man)—What've you got over your arm, Mal? M (in best hero manner)—Romeo's costume, of course. Oh, man! Wait'll you fellows see me in the silk shirts and broadcated attires of Shakespeare's gold-haired boy!

A (starts to direct himself of his khaki coat. Captain enters room suddenly, takes one look at Mal and advances rapidly.) Captain (sternly)—Private. Data, what are you doing?

M (smutting)—Getting into my costume for the play, sir. Captain (terse)—When the Colonel gave you permission to appear it was with the explicit understanding that you appear in uniform. You should know by this time, Private Data, that a member of the United States Army must appear in uniform under any and all conditions.

(A half hour later the curtain rises on the Camlet domicile, with Romeo, in khaki, about to take leave of Juliet and patrise the fire-escape. The camp band, used to arranging its musical themes to correspond to movie situations, decides to be a-sleeping and strikes up "Keep the Home Fires Burning.")

A (trailing in disgust)—Ye gods! They rang it in on me in spite of Old Bill!

B (eager to impart the news)—Well, Mal has been leading man in the New Rochelle Shakespearean Dramatic Society for years, and— A (enlightened)—Oh, that's what's been the matter with him. If I'd a' known I'd 'a' made allowances.

B (impatiently)—Stop butting in and listen. The club offered to come down here to Upton and give their annual performance for us. If the Colonel would give Mal permission to take the lead as always—and he did.

A (with bored curiosity)—What're they going to play? S'long as it

America's First Hospital

AMERICAN hospitals and ambulance organizations manned by American surgeons and nurses have made an enviable record in the present war and American medical men have come to be recognized as among the best in the world.

It was on Feb. 7, 1781, that the first general hospital was chartered in the colonies—the Pennsylvania State Hospital in Philadelphia. Joshua Crosby was the first President of the institution, and Benjamin Franklin, who had been prominent in urging the establishment of an institution for the care of the sick, was the first clerk. It was in this hospital in 1789 that Thomas Bond gave the first clinical instruction in America.

The French in Canada and the English in Virginia had the pioneer medical practitioners in North America. The Mayflower brought to Massachusetts Samuel Fuller, the first physician in New England. Johannes de Montagne arrived in New Amsterdam in 1673 and became the first medical man in what is now New York. Several of the Jesuit missionaries of New France were educated in the healing art and carried a knowledge of medicine, as well as of religion, into the wilds of Canada. These pioneers gradually supplanted the "medicine men" of the aborigines, although among the early white settlers there were many who had more faith in the Indian doctors than in the healers of their own race.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of American medical science was the discovery of anaesthesia, which made modern surgery possible. A number of physicians claimed the priority in this great development, but in latter years the credit has usually been given to Dr. Crawford W. Long, a Georgia country doctor, who received his medical education at the University of Pennsylvania.